

# TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS MEMBER NEVADA PRESS ASS'N

## W. W. BOOTH, EDITOR AND MANAGER

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### AMERICA'S UNCROWNED KING

**B**UFFALO BILL, the good old scout, is gone. Gone to the land of the Great Spirit whose clemency and heartedness he often heard extolled by the medicine men of the savage Sioux, the crafty Cheyennes, the peaceful Pawnee, the untamable Ute and the amiable Arapahoe when these tribes dominated the apparently boundless region that rolled back from the Missouri to the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies. Many years ago, Col. Cody stood on the crest of the Great Divide where two drops of water from the rain charged clouds pattered at his feet and dissolved in the tortuous journey of life, each taking an opposite course. One drop rolled on to the Atlantic and the other sped on to the Pacific. Either way led to the sea, where atomic strength is merged into waves of unspeakable force. The divide was like unto the climax of a busy life. From the eastern plains meandering the foothills and threading the serpentine streams with their brawling waters, clambering over jagged boulders and scaling castellated cliffs, the vigorous old scout must have reflected as he gazed into the incarnadined sunset and dreamed a sweet dream of his own historical career. On the crest of the continent he must have conjured the fullness of a meteoric life. He had attained the eminence of his ambition. He could climb no higher. His remaining years—the decline of manhood, the recession of strength, the waning hours of existence, the love of luxury, the softening of stern living, the all enveloping twilight of chastened manhood, were his to enjoy. He had drained to the dregs the cup of bliss and there was no Getesemane to cloy the palate of experience. He had rounded out his years in tense enjoyment and his senses were still acutely alive to fresh delights.

The setting sun bathing the west in its voluptuous charms typified the super-man sinking to rest in a sea of pleasure to offset the asperities of youth. Blessed with a physique that defies worries and nature's ailments, Buffalo Bill resigned himself to the life of a sybarite. His declining years were glorified by the adulation of the emperors and daughters of royalty. An American king enthroned in the affections of millions of admirers was not spoiled by the gifts and honors lavished by courtiers, princes, princesses, kings, queens, emperors, sultans and czar. The rough offspring of the western prairies returned to his home on the North Platte laden with priceless gems and staggering under the burden of fortune, longing for the wild care-free existence of the plains which had passed forever beyond his grasp. Sordid riches he despised, but he was jealous of the esteem of the American boy, for whom he would have sacrificed his life if by so doing he thought he could contribute another moment of happiness to the growing citizens who idolized him at the last link in the chain of events connecting past and present.

To Cody applause was the essence of life, the ozone of existence, and the grand old man, with his long grey hair curling over his shoulders, never felt surfeited with the ecstatic explosions of the masses. His entry into the wild west arena was not staged with spectacular setting. The center of the amphitheater was always deserted at the moment timed for his coming. The blaring of the band ceased. The crowd hung expectantly with eyes turned to the entrance. A pause ensued. A single note from the brazen throat of an army bugle rang out. The reveille was sounded, and the next moment Colonel William F. Cody dashed into the ring. A pregnant silence. The next moment the charm was broken. Often a hundred thousand throats burst into elation acclaim with a roar that thundered and chorused through the air for five, ten or fifteen minutes at a stretch with a Jovian tempest that shook the earth. And Cody, sitting there in the saddle, statuesque, in superb control of his mettled charger, bowing to right and left with comprehensive sweeps of his grey sombrero, to the American boy, the American boy's father who was a boy in the days when Ned Buntline's dime novel thrillers dealt exclusively with the deeds of this gallant plainsman. Dear old Bill, he loved applause. He was an ardent poseur, public approbation was the wine of his soul, and we hope that when his spirit was wafted to the Great Beyond that the celestial choirs, with their golden harps, stood at the gates of Paradise to welcome the one we all loved so well.

The Bonanza suggests that the boys of America subscribe a penny fund, no individual subscription to exceed five cents, for the purpose of building a monument to the man who gave them so many hours of genuine pleasure.

### ONE MORE PROOF OF PROSPERITY

**T**HE workers of the Tonopah district yesterday received further proof that they are living in one of the best mining camps in the United States. Every man received his pay check with the addition of the new bonus paid for labor while the price of silver remained above the seventy cent mark, and there was much rejoicing accordingly. While the fact remains that the checks in most cases were no larger than for the previous month, the recipients were gladdened by the knowledge that their earning capacity was not abridged through the misfortune of having lost four days of work on account of the great blizzard that cut Tonopah off from the benignant light of night civilization for the longest period in the history of the camp. In other words, the wage earners of Tonopah received as much for their labor in December as they would have received under the old schedule for laboring the full thirty days. Otherwise the individual loss would have been from twelve to fifteen dollars per capita, not an insignificant sum for these days of high living.

With the question of organized labor before three different bodies in Washington it is almost a certainty that when a verdict is rendered that the brotherhoods will wish they had never started something which they could not control. There is a difference between labor issues before and after election, and the men who voted for Wilson will live to regret their hasty action.

While the entente allies are foregathering in Paris to work out a campaign that will check the encroachments of the central powers, Germany and Austria are sticking to the job of adding fresh territory to their respective domains and dividing it as though the gain was permanent. It will take something more than resolutions to wrest the vanquished area from the Teutonic grasp.

Mysterious hints of a more mysterious German raider following the disappearance of British and French ships may bring out a fresh page of history some day that will be even more startling than the arrival of the first commercial submarine under the shadows of the national capitol.

Inyo county, California, is rejoicing in a renewal of the boom born with the discovery of Tonopah, when the farmers of that section found the markets of southern Nevada ravenous to take all the produce that could be raised at fancy prices. Last year the district around Bishop netted something like a million dollars for the crops.

### CLIPPED AND CREDITED

That historic peace-map is getting blurred in its outlines.—Wall Street Journal.

The allies prefer a real scrap to a scrap of paper.—Philadelphia North American.

The kaiser's dove of peace screams very much like an eagle.—Baltimore American.

The obvious thing for a poor man to do is to join a diet squad.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What the world would like to see is a peace that passeth all misunderstanding.—New York Sun.

Compulsory military training is popular among those above the age of liability.—Wall Street Journal.

If the king of Rumania had it to do over again, probably he would choose some other form of physical exercise.—Dallas News.

The German navy officers would welcome peace. It would give them a chance to engage in some war practice.—Philadelphia North American.

## GERMANY RENEWING CHARGES OF CRUELTY

(By Associated Press.)

BERLIN, Jan. 11.—"The British admiralty," says an Overseas News agency statement, "has declared that the German reports regarding the destruction of submarine U-41 and the ill treatment of Lieut. Crompton and Jason Godau were false. The official report of Lieut. Crompton, who is interned in Switzerland, has now arrived and fully confirms the German press reports."

"The attitude of the British steamer towards the U-41 as well as the brutal treatment of the survivors on board the steamer on the way to England were even worse than previously had been reported. The details show that a treacherous attack was made by a British steamer which flew the American flag while she was firing at the submarine; they show an attempt also to ram a lifeboat containing two survivors, one of whom was seriously injured; the inhumane treatment of them on board the steamer; the effort made to cause the two unfortunate brave men to perish in order to dispose of the last two eye witnesses and prove that this British crime against civilization and humanity far eclipses even the Baralong and the King Stephen cases."

The German admiralty last fall classed the sinking of the U-41 as a second Baralong case, declaring that a British patrol ship flying the American colors, after destroying the submarine on September 24, 1915, deliberately ran down a lifeboat containing the only two survivors. Ill treatment of the prisoners after they had been finally picked up and taken on board the steamer also was charged.

Statements denying these charges were issued by the British admiralty in a communication of November 14. In this statement also was denied the existence at any time of an admiralty order to the effect that it was not necessary to rescue the survivors of crews of German submarines.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SECRETARIES!

Your attention is called to the following extract from the Nevada Statutes: Chapter CVIII, Nevada Statutes, 1901: Amended Statute, 1913, Chapter 194: Section 1. All foreign corporations doing business in the State of Nevada shall, not later than the month of March in each year, beginning in the year 1914, publish a statement of their last year's business in some newspaper published in the State of Nevada. If published in a daily newspaper, such statement shall be published for a period of one week, or if published in a semi-weekly or tri-weekly newspaper, for a period of two weeks; or if published in a weekly newspaper for a period of four weeks.

The penalty for not complying with the above law is a fine of \$100 for each month that the published statement remains unfilled with the several assessors of the state.

Kindly fill out the attached blank and mail to the "TONOPAH BONANZA PRINTING COMPANY, Tonopah, Nevada." We make a nominal charge of \$10.00 for publication, which includes the filing of a sworn affidavit of publication with each of the assessors of the sixteen counties of the state.

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### ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

Company

for the year ending December 31, 1916.

Location of mine \_\_\_\_\_ Mining District \_\_\_\_\_  
 County of \_\_\_\_\_ State of Nevada \_\_\_\_\_

#### DEBIT

December 31, 1915, to cash on hand \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 To assessments collected during 1916 \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 To amount received from other sources \$ \_\_\_\_\_

#### CREDIT

Mine expense in year 1916 \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 General expense in year 1916 \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Paid dividends in year 1916 \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Balance on hand December 31, 1916 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Secretary.

(Sign name very plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Fill out and return this form with a remittance of \$9.00 and all details as required by law will be attended to.

### Tonopah Daily Bonanza

Make all checks payable to the Tonopah Bonanza Printing Company, Tonopah, Nevada.

A side issue of more than usual interest in the Vanderbilt Cup Race, Santa Monica, Cal., Nov. 16th, was the battle of the Tires. Both Goodrich and Goodyear were out to win, and much emphasis was placed upon the standing of the contestants in the championship table. While Aitken in the early stages of the race was leading, it looked very much as if Goodyear would score; but Resta, who was the backbone of the Goodrich offense, soon made his presence felt, and when he assumed the lead there was much animation apparent in the Goodrich camp. Later, when it developed that the four leading cars were equipped with Goodrich Tires, telegrams were flashed to every section of the country announcing the victory, which again places the Goodrich in the van for 1916 championship honor. Every car that finished carried Bosch equipment, the majority of them having Bosch spark plugs in addition to magnitos of the same make.

We carry Silvertown Cord Tires and Bosch magnetos in stock.

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